

every great fact is like a well balanced kite; it has for its tail a whimsy. Haggerty, on a certain day, received twenty-five hundred dollars from the Hindu prince and five hundred more from the hotel management. The detective bore up under the strain with stoic complacency. "The Blind Madonna of the Pagan—Chance" always had her hand upon his shoulder.

Kitty went to Bar Harbor, her mother to visit friends in Orange. Thomas walked with a straight spine always; but it stiffened to think that, without knowing a solitary item about his past, they trusted him with the run of the house. The first day there was work to do; the second day, a little less; the third, nothing at all. So he moped about the great house, lonesome as a forgotten dog. He wrote a sonnet on being lonesome, tore it up, and flung the scraps into the waste basket. Once he seated himself at the piano and picked out with clumsy forefinger "Walking Down the Old Kent Road." Kitty could play. Often in the mornings, when at his desk, he had heard her; and, oddly enough, he seemed to sense her moods by what she played. (That's the poet!) When she played Chopin or Chaminade she went about gaily all the day; when she played Beethoven, Grieg, or Bach, Thomas felt the presence of shadows.

There was a magnificent library, mostly editions de luxe. Thomas smiled over the many uncut volumes. True, Dickens, Dumas, and Stevenson were tolerably well thumbed; but the host of thinkers and poets and dramatists and theologians, in their hand-tooled Levant—Away in an obscure corner (because of its cheap binding) he came across a set of Lamb. He took out a volume at random and glanced at the flyleaf,—"Kitty Killigrew, Smith College." Then he went into the body of the book. It was copiously marked and annotated. There was something so intimate in the touch of the book that he felt he was committing a sacrilege, looking as it were into Kitty's soul. Most men would have gone through the set. Thomas put the book away. Thou fool, indeed! What a hash he had made of his affairs!

He saw Killigrew at breakfast only. The merchant preferred his club in the absence of his family.

**E**ARLY in the afternoon of the fourth day Thomas received a telephone call from Killigrew.

"Hello! That you, Webb?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Killigrew. Got anything to do tonight?"

"No, Mr. Killigrew."

"You know where my club is?"

"Yes."

"Well, be there at seven for dinner. Tell the butler and the housekeeper. Mr. Crawford has a box at the

fight tonight, and he thought perhaps you'd like to go along with us."

"A boxing match?"

"Ten rounds, lightweights; and fast boys too. Both Irish."

"Really, I shall be glad to go."

"Webb!"

"Yes."

"Never use that word 'really' to me. It's un-*Irish*."

Thomas heard a chuckle before the receiver at the other end clicked on the hook. What a father this hearty, kindly, humorous Irishman would have made for a son!

In London Thomas's amusements had been divided into three classes. During the season he went to the opera twice, to the music halls once a month, to a boxing match whenever he could spare the shillings. He belonged to a workingmen's club not far from where he lived,—an empty warehouse, converted into a hall, with a platform in the center, from which the fervid (and often misinformed) socialists harangued; and in one corner was a fair gymnasium. Every fortnight, for the sum of a crown a head, three or four amateur bouts were arranged. Thomas rarely missed these exhibitions. He seriously considered it a part of his self-acquired education. What Englishman lives who does not? Brains and brawn make a man (or a country) invincible.

At seven promptly Thomas called at the club and asked for Killigrew. He was shown into the grill, where he was pleasantly greeted by his host and Crawford and introduced to a young man about his own age, a Mr. Forbes. Thomas, dressed in his new stag coat, felt that he was getting along famously. He had some doubt in regard to his straw hat, however, till, after dinner, he saw that his companions were wearing their panamas.

Forbes, the artist, had reached that blasé period when only on rare occasions did he feel disposed to enlarge his acquaintance. But this fresh-skinned young Britisher went to his heart at once, a kindred soul, and he adopted him forthwith. He and Thomas paired off and talked "fight" all the way to the boxing club.

**T**HERE was a great crowd pressing about the entrance. There were eddies of turbulent spirits. A crowd in America is unlike any other. It is full of meanness, rowdiness, petty malice. A big fellow, smelling of bad whisky, shouldered Killigrew aside roughly. Killigrew's Irish blood flamed.

"Here! Look where you're going!" he cried.

The man reached back and jammed Killigrew's hat down over his eyes. Killigrew stumbled and fell, and Crawford and Forbes surged to his rescue from the

trampling feet. Thomas, however, caught the ruffian's right wrist, jammed it scientifically against the man's chest, took him by the throat, and bore him back, savagely and relentlessly. The crowd, packed as it was, gave ground. With an oath the man struck. Thomas struck back accurately. Instantly the circle widened. A fight outside was always more interesting than one inside the ropes. A blow ripped open Thomas's shirt. It became a slam-bang affair. Thomas knocked his man down just as a burly policeman arrived. Naturally, he caught hold of Thomas and called for assistance. The wrong man first is the invariable rule of the police on such occasions.

"Milligan!" shouted Killigrew, as he sighted one of the club's promoters.

Milligan recognized his millionaire patron and pushed to his side.

After due explanations Thomas was liberated, and the real culprit was forced swearing through the press toward the patrol wagon, always nearabout on such nights. Eventually the four gained Crawford's box. Aside from a cut lip and a torn shirt, Thomas was uninjured. If his fairy godmother had prearranged this fisticuff, she could not have done anything better so far as Killigrew was concerned.

"Webb," he said, as the main bout was being staged, the chairs and water pails and paraphernalia changed to fresh corners, "I'll remember that turn. If you're not Irish, it's no fault of yours. I wish you knew something about coffee."

"I enjoy drinking it," Thomas replied, smiling humorously.

Ever after the merchant prince treated Thomas like a son: the kind of boy he had always wanted and could not have. And only once again did he doubt—and he longed to throttle the man who brought into light what appeared to be the most damnable evidence of Thomas's perfidy.

## CHAPTER XV

**W**E chaps who write have Magic Carpets.

Whizz!

A marble balcony, overlooking the sea, which shimmered under the light of the summer moon—Sir Henry Monckton and Kitty leaned over the balustrade and silently watched the rush of the rollers landward and the sink of them back to sea.

For three days Kitty had wondered whether she liked or disliked Sir Henry. The fact that he was the man who had bumped into Thomas that night at the theater may have had something to do with her doddering. He might at least have helped Thomas in recovering his hat. Dark, full bearded, slender, with

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# HOW YOU MAY USE GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES

Drawings by Olga Heese

**O**NE of the most usual ways of naming a business or the product of a business is to adopt a geographical name. Sometimes these names have some meaning or significance; more frequently they have none. "Havana" cigars or "Sheffield" steel means something. "Boston" dental parlors or "Manhattan" laundry is merely an arbitrary or fanciful name.

As a general proposition, no one person can obtain a monopoly in the use of any geographical name. One resident of New York or Philadelphia or Chicago or the State of Texas or Maine has as good a right as another to use the name of his home city or State, and in many cases a non-resident has the same right to use a geographical name as a resident.

But geographical names, like descriptive words or family names, may acquire a secondary meaning. That is to say, the geographical term may become so closely connected in the public use and the public mind with goods of a particular description or the goods of a certain manufacturer, that eventually the term loses its geographical sense and simply means those particular goods or the product of that particular manufacturer.

**F**OR many years Minneapolis has been famous for its milling industry. The first mills were established there in 1859, and the business has been developed until it is one of the greatest industries of the world. The mills of Minneapolis all use substantially the same method of converting wheat into flour. They use only the highest grade hard spring wheat, gathered in the great fields of the Dakotas and Minnesota, and it is usually handled and sorted in the same elevators. The hard spring wheat is ground by processes that are particularly



"The grocer still continued to use the Minneapolis label."

adapted to this kind of grain, and the flour that results is highly nutritious and is known to make a fine quality of white bread.

The Minneapolis millers maintain a chemical laboratory, to which every day each mill sends samples of its flour. This flour is tested and baked, and the bread is again tested, and the results are each day reported to the respective mills. In this way the Minneapolis mills

maintain the high standard of excellence that has always been associated with their product.

All the Minneapolis mills are accustomed to stamp their bags or barrels with either the name "Minneapolis" or "Minnesota" or "Minneapolis, Minnesota." The fact that they all use wheat grown in the same territories, milled by the same processes, and submit their product to the same expert for the same tests, has standardized the terms "Minneapolis" and "Minnesota" as applied to flour.

A wholesale grocer in Chicago had for many years bought flour from various Minneapolis mills. This flour was marked with his name and with the brand "Minneapolis" or "Minnesota." About 1893 he began to purchase his flour from certain Milwaukee mills, selling it to the retail trade at the same price that he had obtained for his Minneapolis flour, but purchasing it at a lower rate. This Milwaukee flour was made from wheat grown in a different section, and milled in a different manner from the Minneapolis flour. Notwithstanding this fact, the Chicago grocer continued to label his flour "Minneapolis" and "Minnesota" flour.

Several of the Minneapolis mills combined to prevent this, and they were successful. The terms "Minneapolis" and "Minnesota," in connection with the milling industry, had a peculiar, specific meaning. Any person who desired to go to Minneapolis and engage in the milling business had the right to do so. No one man and no group of men could obtain the exclusive right to the name; but no mill located in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, making flour of entirely different quality from that recognized as Minneapolis or Minnesota flour, had the right to use those names to brand its product.

**A** ST. LOUIS brewer exported beer to South America under the brand "St. Louis beer." The brand became very popular in several South American States, and the St. Louis brewer built up a large export trade. A New York jobber bought beer from various breweries,